automatically; and usually the only oratorical onslaught it need fear was from Mr. Lansbury and his little band, augmented as, one by one, lost leaders drifted back when convenient by-elections provided them with constituencies. Virtue had gone out of them, never to return; their heyday was passed and over, only Mr. Herbert Morrison stemming the tide of defeat by gaining and retaining control of the London County Council. Though their numbers increased, and the circumstances of their great defeat were forgotten, their spirits still dropped. Even Mr. Maxton seemed to have lost his fire, repeating mechanically what formerly he had said passionately. The cause remained, but its presentation had become sepulchral. In an earthquake it is difficult to summon up enthusiasm for town-planning; when the ground underfoot is shaking and cracking, even staggered holidays with pay lost much of their appeal.

Some dropped away from the National Government, dead branches; but the main trunk continued green, and small new shoots occasionally appeared. Snowden, who had departed with Sir Herbert Samuel, derived what satisfaction he might from being a viscount (in Mr. Churchill's words, 'Surrender value of bis Socialist policy[5]), and made MacDonald the particular target of his spite. It was *a positive danger to the country,' he said in the House of Lords, 'that its affairs should be in the hands of a man who every time he speaks exposes his ignorance or in-capacity,' neglecting to add that he had himself played a not insignificant part in the events which resulted in MacDonald being entrusted with the direction of the country's

affairs. His fellow peers listened to the attack with surprise, but without much evident indignation; that it was deserved, was possible, but that Snowden should make it, surprising. Writing his memoirs, which appeared in *John Bull,* provided him with an occupation in his last years, and shordy before his death it was rumoured that he was meditating a re-entry into public life, presumably as a Liberal, the only party he had never helped to attain power and denounced as treacherous and incompetent after it had attained it. Swift's epitaph might have suited him—